



Temple University, Phila., swordswomen in class. Fencing is becoming a very popular women's sport.

FENCER BELIEVES D'ARTAGNAN LIVED

Leonardo Terrone, at U. of P.,
Thinks Dumas Hero Was a
Student of Psychology

HAS FOUGHT IN DUELS

Was there ever a real-life d'Artagnan?

Are the feats of Bussy the Brave just the figments of the inimitable Dumas' imagination, or could they have actually been done?

The answer is yes, according to Leonardo Terrone, amateur swordsman, coach of the University of Pennsylvania fencing team and himself a veteran of the dueling ground.

Years ago when Terrone's interest in fencing was first aroused, he made a thorough study of ancient tomes on the art of fence. He was not willing to accept wholly the teachings of the modern master at arms; he was convinced that the modern method of sword display was an offspring from a more vigorous parent.

He found that the swordsman of the Middle Ages was a psychologist as learned as the modern scientific boxer—probably to a greater degree—and that he placed great reliance on that factor in tight situations.

To Eliminate the Adversary
"The old method was essentially motivated by one dominant factor—to eliminate the adversary," Mr. Terrone said. "The old duelist was a psychological fencer. I am convinced of that from my searches through old volumes. During duels which I was forced to fight or to witness as a second or as a director, I had observed that personal magnetism and a wise use of the knowledge of psychology was the strongest asset for a victory. That fact caused me to reflect on the possible origin of stories of secret strokes of the most renowned fighting knights of the Middle Ages.

"I have tested that theory in bouts with my pupils, having several attacks me simultaneously. The results confirmed my original theory. Supreme confidence combined with experience and a thorough knowledge of the art will work wonders.

"No one questions the power of a dominant personality in business; it is equally potent in fencing. That may explain in part why a single swordsman was able at times to withstand the simultaneous attacks of many. If he had personal magnetism, I can readily understand how he could inject sufficient fear among his adversaries, playing upon them, and leading them on to a point where one or more may have been placed in a weak position and then eliminate them with a single well-timed and accurate thrust."

Mr. Terrone then demonstrated the power of an expert fencer to play with an adversary, using as a subject one of Penn's best fencers. In the face of furious attacks, barely an inch away from the menacing point of his assailant, he changed his foil from hand to hand, passing it from the back, so that he was entirely unprotected during the maneuver.

Varies Picture Suddenly

He was always a scant inch ahead of the lunge. Then suddenly he varied the picture by dropping prone to the floor, protected only by his flashing raised blade. He was invincible. Calmly, with slight turns of the wrist he parried each thrust, his ripostes flashing forward lightning-like, sending his adversary to hurried retreat.

It was display of supreme confidence, the power of a personality to dominate a situation, a technique and perfect co-ordination. His blade was at all times under perfect control, the point ever menacing a spot on his adversary's chest, the part of the blade nearest to the hilt taking all parries.

After that display the old heroic figures did not seem so far away after all. Whole troupes of romantic personalities—long laid to rest—passed in review among them stalked d'Artagnan, a smile of disdain playing on his thin lips. Envisioned in doublet, sword-belt and pointed rapier, a dagger pendant at side, Mr. Terrone seemed a part of that company.

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Glenna Collett, American Women's National Golf Champion, tries her hand with bow and arrow, with several archer friends.

Pope Condemns Bows and Arrows For Catholic Girls

Special to The Star

Rome, Nov. 16.—The Pope believes a bow and arrow is just as unseemly in the hands of a Catholic girl as a gun, and if his counsel is heeded Catholic parents will not permit their daughters to participate in the forthcoming nation-wide athletic meet of Fascist Girl Scouts, organized by the Fascist hierarchy, headed by Secretary Turati of the Fascist party.

Such is the theme of an unusually outspoken editorial in the Osservatore Romano, which emphasizes anew the differing ideals of education at the Vatican and in Fascist headquarters.



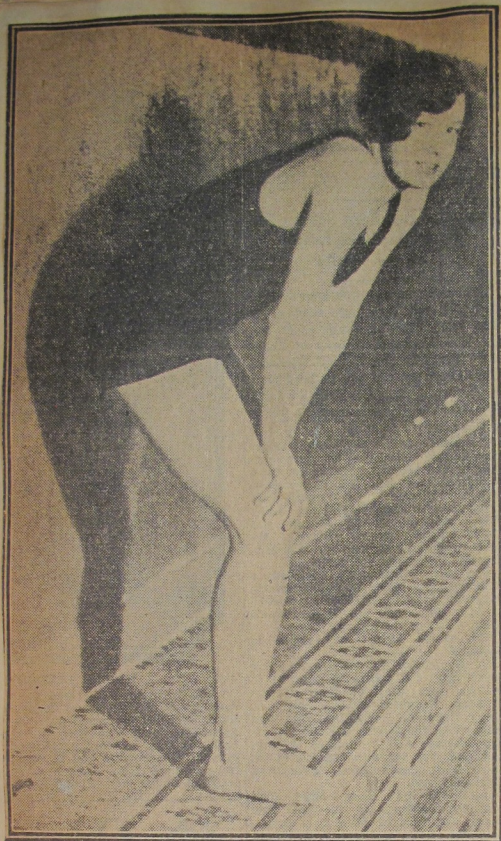
Doing the William Tell act at Scarsdale Archery Club, New York. Miss Elizabeth White is shooting and Mrs. J. S. Stevenson is the calm pedestal for the apple.



WORLD'S ARCHERY CHAMPION CHECKS HIS SKILL: Clinton Douglas, Los Angeles school teacher, won the championship by making 704 points out of a possible 810 with 90 arrows, running up the highest score ever recorded



FOUR OF A FAMILY DRAW MEAN BOW AT PINEHURST ARCHERY CONTEST: Thompson family, Canandaigua, N.Y., who "brought home the bacon" in a recent archery contest at Pinehurst, N.C., dad winning the mid-winter open championship, while the others reaped laurels in their classes



MAY BE A CHAMPION SOME DAY

Miss Betty Edwards, of the Granite Club and Oakwood Collegiate, who is swimming in great form just now, and who recently swam a dead heat with Mary Casson. This young lady is thought to have a bright future in the sport.



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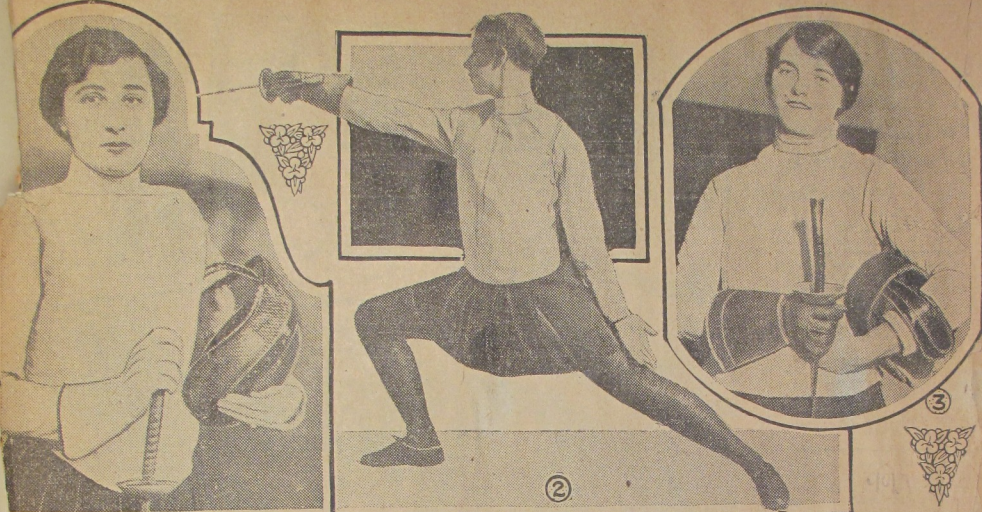
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Parry and Thrust is Order at Toronto Sword Club



WATSON CAPTURES EPEE CHAMPIONSHIP

Varsity Fencing Titles Decided at Toronto Sword Club

of the most successful fencing tournaments ever held in Toronto was held on Saturday at the Toronto Club.

J. Lee, fencing for University of Toronto, took the foil title by winning from U.T.S., who was second. Giescke of Toronto Sword Club, was third.

Giescke won the ladies' foil title by beating Miss Thomas in the final. Miss Thomas was second and Mrs. Norris was third. They were members of Toronto Club.

Wins Epee Title.

Watson captured the epee title by winning six of his seven bouts. D'Arcy of the Hamilton Sword Club was runner-up, and Giescke, Toronto Sword Club, was third.

Giescke took the title, with Watson second and Stansfield, Toronto Club, third.

The Toronto Sword Club first team, composed of Campbell, Bryan, Giescke, won the Ontario Shield.

The University of Toronto (Clarke, Lee and Watson) were second and Toronto Sword Club (second team) were third.

The officials were Charles Walters, Moore, Mr. Wood and G. Lightwood.

Dominion Titles.

The Canadian championships are being held in Montreal early in April and the Toronto winners will likely enter.

The champions are as follows: Individual foil: Ladies, Mrs. Giescke, Toronto Sword Club; gentlemen's, J. Lee, University of Toronto. Individual epee: G. Watson, University of Toronto graduate.

Individual sabre: G. Giescke, Toronto Sword Club. Team foil: Toronto Sword Club.



CHURCH BASEMENT RESOUNDS TO RING OF STEEL

The photographs here show some of the women members of the Toronto sword club, the only fencing organization in the city open to non-university men and women, and comprised of many of the most skilled exponents of the art in Toronto. (1) Mrs. Frank Norris, Canadian champion woman fencer; (2) Miss Aileen "Tommie" Thomas, who started fencing at the Eaton girls' club and is now with the Toronto Sword Club; (3) Mrs. G. F. Giescke, runner up for champion title, and (4) Mrs. Norris and Mrs. Giescke with the foils. The club, situated in basement of a church at 53 Wellesley St., trains under instructors F. Moore and C. Walters every Tuesday night and Saturday afternoon, in preparation for the national tournament in March.

INDIVIDUAL FOIL TITLE FOR VARSITY FENC

J. Lee Winner, Ireland of U.T.S. Second—Ontario Championships Decided.

J. Lee of the University of Toronto won the Ontario Individual Foil championship in the finals, on Saturday, of the Ontario Fencing championships. Ireland of U.T.S. was second, and Giescke of Toronto Sword Club, third.

The Ladies' Foil title was carried off by Mrs. Giescke. Last year's winner of the title, Miss Thomas, drew second place, and Miss Norris third. Competition was keen in all the bouts and a big crowd of women spectators turned out to see the champions in it out.

In the epee competition the element of luck was especially prominent, one point decided a bout, and the test was not restricted, as with other weapons, but included the entire body from head to toe. Watson, A graduate of the University of Toronto, worked his way through eight opponents to take the title. D. Lee of the Hamilton Sword Club and brother of the J. Lee, was second, with Giescke third.

In the sabre bouts the swinging blows of the weapons made an exciting spectacle. The result was similar to the Canadian championships of last year except that Giescke displaced Watson in first place.

Team competition was run off in the afternoon. The Toronto Sword Club first team, composed of Campbell, Bryan and Giescke won the title and the Ontario shield. Varsity placed second, and the Toronto Sword Club second team third.

The tournament, the first held by the Toronto Sword Club attracted a large crowd. The winners here will probably enter the Canadian championships held in Montreal next month.



GRACE PERSONIFIED:
Antio Yarovski, Russian ballet
dancer of rare grace

45-1



Danish folk dancers preparing for their great festival in London, Eng. The fiddler on the right is 74 years of age.

46.21

THIS year a new game has been introduced at Abbot—Ice Basketball. The game, played in other respects like basketball, calls for ten on a side: a jumping center, a side center, four forwards and four guards. It is a very popular sport, and requires skill in basketball and in skating, especially in balance.



The First Game of Ice Basketball Played in this Country. The Game is Played as Regular Basketball with the Exception That Ten Girls Play on Each Team. This Photo Depicts the Abbot Girls During this First Game

46.2

About a hundred yards from the campus of Abbot is the toboggan chute and the hill for coasting and skiing. At the foot of the hill is the skating rink. We hold a carnival at the end of every winter term, and the school clubs compete in snow and ice events. The green of the Gargoyles and the orange of the Griffins make bright spots of color against the snow.



CONNIE MACK'S DAUGHTER FOLLOWS HIS LEAD:
Mary Mack, daughter of the "Athletics" famous manager.
Connie Mack, is a leader in sporting events at Mt. St. Joseph's
Academy in Philadelphia

97.1



INTRODUCING THE LATEST THING IN WINTER ICE SPORT — "BUCK" POLO:
Students of Winona, N.J., military school playing the latest winter sport, "buck" polo, the
object of which is for the players, who are mounted on wooden horses, to get to the goal or
unseat their opponents

97.2

In all-white costumes, with their quivers and tassels, their long bows and slim little arrows, scores of bowmen, and not a few Maid Margarets as you might call bow-women, stand at the pegs and loose their shots at the brilliant red, white and gold targets. It is quiet. It is beautiful. The enterprise has a sentimental quality that frees dreams that seem to have been laid away with the lost images of boyhood.

But it is no soft sport. A strong man seized one of the forty-pound long bows—just a little sport bow, nothing like the war bows the bowmen used at Crecy—and let fly an arrow at the target eighty yards away. It fell short of forty yards and ten feet wide of the target.

A slim boy took the same bow, nocked his arrow, drew the bow in a high, graceful gesture, aimed, with the bowstring touching his cheek and with scarcely a sound, loosed the arrow and it sped the eighty yards and drilled the gold disc in the heart of the target.

"I'll give up golf," said the strong man, as he walked, in a line with all the others, forward to the targets to retrieve the arrows. A hundred and sixty yards to and from the target, bending and searching for the arrows, the quiet of aiming and loosing, the strength and control required to draw a forty-two pound bow—archery is a game for men to play.

Golf Came C & Archery

THE fact is, golf came out of archery. We can credit it or blame it, whichever we like.

But when the Hundred Years War ended and the thousands of the Bowmen of England returned and squabbled out the War of the Roses just to get war thoroughly out of their blood, there were great companies of soldiers scattered over Britain with their bows and quivers in the chimney corner and a longing for the parlous old times itching in their bones.

So they played a game called Rover.

Roving was following a regular course and shooting at targets along the way.

The story is—and all Scotsmen will deny it—that a peaceful Scotsman, watching the game of Rover from a safe distance, went back north and started the game up there, but using a stick and a ball instead of wicked, singing war arrows. And the warning cry of "Fore!" is as near as he could get to "Fast!"

Anyway, they played Rover in England for many a year, long after the old soldiers of Agincourt were dead and covered, and the long bow has never died out, the Woodmen of Arden, the Royal Toxophilite Society and other companies of archers flourishing until to-day.

"Archery is a better sport than rifle shooting at the ranges," says Dr. Agnew. "For in archery, all the conditions are harder. There are no sights on bow or arrow. You have to be in far better physical condition to draw a bow than to press a trigger. The wind and weather play a really important part, because every shot has to allow for wind deflection, and weather causes changes in the resilience of the bow which requires great skill to estimate and allow for."

A number of the Toronto archers out on an exhibition of their art for The Star Weekly the other evening. A fresh wind was blowing from the northwest. The targets were sixty, eighty and a hundred yards. Standing in pairs, they nocked their arrows in turn, standing at right angles to the target, raised their bows high and then drew, the right hand coming back to the cheek, the left arm fully extended with the bow. They do not pinch the arrow between thumb and finger, but use three fingers of the right hand to draw the bowstring, the arrow being held lightly, like a cigarette, between the first joints of the first and second fingers.

Loosing the arrow is done by simply straightening these three finger-tips. There is a quiet click from the bowstring, and the arrow, at almost bullet speed, flicks through the air.

There is enough danger in these steel-tipped arrows to put them easily through even a fat man. So there is considerable etiquette at the pegs. They all wait until the last arrow is shot, then they all stride down the pegs together to retrieve, and when they return, and someone cries "Fast!" to make sure that no one has lingered down by the targets.

When Bow Won Great Battles

NONE of the archers is interested in the practical side of archery. They are not interested to talk about shooting big game with arrows, though Commander de Harbois's quiver in the shank of a black tailed deer he shot out in Alberta with an arrow. He has killed coyotes, wolves, deer and other medium game with the bow. They would rather talk about the sport and the old quality of the sport.

Because there is a quality of romance about archery that refers to the most gallant period in British history.

It was the bowmen of England who gave to Britain some of the greatest victories ever recorded. The Hundred Years' War was the time the Plantagenet kings were trying to hang on to their possessions on the continent. This was nearly a hundred years before the discovery of America. Soldiers had learned something about the value of bow and arrow during the Crusades, when the Saracens on galloping steeds rode round and round in a wheeling circle and flung death into the masses of western soldiers.

Crecy was the first of the three great battles in which the bowmen figured. There were twenty thousand British of whom eleven thousand were archers, and you can imagine how the Isles were combed for that number of men who could draw one of the great war bows of that day. And sixty thousand French marched against the British.

Just as the battle was to start, there came a great storm that wet the gut-strings of the cross-bows of the Genoese troops whom the French were counting on to disturb the British formation and let the cavalry in to do its stuff. The bowmen of England—at close range—prize-fighting range, you might say—let fly such a cloud of clothyard arrows as had never before been seen. They threw the cross-bow men into confusion. The charge of the French nobles and their cavalry was through disordered ranks of cross-bowmen on foot and in flight, the French nobles, scornful of British nobles, went past long lines of archers who, if Sir Walter Scott is to be credited, could split a wand at a hundred paces. Where they couldn't hit a joint in iron armor, they could at least kill a horse, bring the noble down to earth and then—well, every honest bowman carries a lead maul or mallet either on a haft or a leather strap. This tool is good for many purposes such as killing rats or opening such tin cans as nobles came in back around the fifteenth century.

Ninety pound bows they used that day, and what they call eight-shilling arrows. The French charged sixteen times, and the battle did not end until midnight. In that evening, France lost 1,542 men of noble blood, and Britain lost fifty not counted, and Britain lost fifty.

And nearly all the Frenchmen had an arrow in them, or else their cans were burst.

That was the big day for the long bow. It makes even the Somme—a few miles southeast of Crecy and a few centuries later—seem like a fairly tame and long-drawn-out affair.

Ten years later, the Black Prince took six thousand men, mostly archers, and rode far up into central France, on a booting expedition. He was heading back for the coast with a well-laden wagon train when the King of France cut him off with 16,000 men.



Dr. Harvey Agnew nocking the arrow and Mr. Pognier aiming.



The British archers got into the edge of a wood and the French attacked, sending the knights in first. Time after time, the sixteen thousand attacked the edge of the wood, and the bowmen mowed them down, until at last the Black Prince sent a little company of fifty knights around behind the French army, raided them in the rear and shortly the army of 16,000 was all dead or in flight.

The Archery Revival in Toronto

IN England, five kings have been hit by arrows. Archery is all colored with romance and the modern Robin Hood is most anxious to keep up every association that links the sport with the glamorous past. Arrows are weighed with shillings and pence. The old war arrow was an eight shilling arrow—it weighed eight shillings. The popular arrow in modern sport is one weighing four shillings and six pence.

A pair of arrows is not two but three arrows. The way the old writers explained this was that a pair of arrows was two arrows and a matched one for spare.

You do not shoot an arrow. You hold it. When you wish to examine an arrow to see if the shaft is straight, you do not look narrowly along it, but you balance it carefully on the nail of your thumb and second finger, bent together, and then give it a sharp spin or twirl. The arrow spins round, it is straight. If it wobbles and wobbles, it is crooked.

They wear white costumes not from tradition, because the Robin Hood legend would have them all in green; but for safety's sake, so that no one will start shooting when anyone lingers in the bushes.

The present activity in archery is not a new fad, the first tournament of the National Archery Association in America being held as far back as 1879 in Chicago, and old photos show the hard-hatted and bewhiskered archers of that period with bows and arrows and stances identical with those of to-day. There were eighty-nine contestants, representing eight clubs in different parts of the States.

The marvellous accuracy celebrated in old tales of romance is not so fanciful in view of the performance of some of the expert archers of to-day. General Ivor Thord-Grey not long ago shot against a team of first-class American revolver shots. They shot at ordinary revolver ranges, and General Thord-Grey beat them so badly that he set his target at eighty yards distance and still defeated the revolver shots beyond belief. Hitting the rings of the target is one thing and wand shooting is another. They put up a wand in the ground, about the size of an ordinary clothes-prop and fire at it at 100 yards. And hit. Often enough to make the modern soldier of the late war wish to goodness he had had a long bow and some steel-headed arrows for the purpose of feathering into some of the enemy working parties he had seen on patrol.



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